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At the Theatres.



A calm has settled down upon theatricals, as is to be expected at this season of the year. Several houses have closed their doors since our last issue, and the amusement field is now left clear to those theatres that remain open continuously. For eight weeks to come there will be few novelties presented, and those belonging to the category denominated as "snaps." The establishments which make a bid for Summer patronage by the utilization of cooling and ventilating apparatus are doing a thriving business, their managers making financial hay while the sun shines. There is room for a dozen theatres here in the hot months if they are properly adapted to the purpose, and we yet look to see at some future time all the managers coming money in June, July and August, instead of paying rent for unoccupied buildings.

May Blossom, at the Madison Square, is in its third month, and the prosperity of the run is steady. This production is in all respects the most triumphant that this house has known and it is likely to last until the Fall. When the next regular season begins *The Lady of Lyons* will be put up for a short period, in order to give R. B. Mantell a metropolitan send-off. *The Pauline* of the occasion will, it is said, be Fanny Reeves. The report comes from abroad that the recent London success, *Called Back*, will follow, having been secured by Daniel Frohman with that object in view. The description of this piece, given by our London representative, would indicate that it is vastly different from the mild type of dramatic craft hitherto favored by the management of this house. It is possible, therefore, that the policy is about to undergo a change, and dramas of a more sensational character are likely to be submitted for the approval of Madison Square audiences.

Changes are still being made in Captain Milder, the star and author both combining to improve it in every possible direction. The piece is now genuinely comic, and it enables Mr. Williams to display his talents to the largest advantage. Business has been very good so far, and there is no immediate prospect of withdrawal.

Dan Sully's *Corner Grocery* has made a hit at Tony Pastor's. The audiences nightly test the capacity of the house and the performance goes with one continual roar of laughter. The company includes a number of clever people, and they have abundant opportunity for displaying their comic gifts.

John Thompson, at the Eighth Street Theatre, is appearing in a piece that enables him to exhibit his gifts as a protean actor. This house has had many vicissitudes of late, but under Mr. Thompson's direction it appears to have achieved popularity at last.

The Musical Mirror.

The success of *Falka* cannot be disputed. Every night the Casino is liberally patronized and the pretty music and skillful acting of the company is heartily enjoyed. There is no change of bill contemplated, although, besides *The Little Duke*, a number of operatic novelties, captured by Colonel McCaull while abroad, are held in readiness. The concert at this establishment on Sunday night was numerously attended and a fine instrumental programme was rendered by the regular orchestra, reinforced by the band of the Tenth Regiment, in capital style.

Penny-Ante has been bravely sticking it out at the Fourteenth Street. On Monday night a new libretto was used, with a view to improving the weakest feature of the burlesque. It was received with more favor than its predecessor. The piece will probably be taken off on Saturday night, but should business miraculously increase it might be kept on another week.

The Naisd Queen was received by George Wood at the Cosmopolitan on Saturday night. This effete spectacle has nothing in it to attract an audience of the present day, and the manager in which it was staged and acted reflected on the credit on its projector and those actively concerned in the representation. The spectators gazed the tawdry scenery, the shabby costumes and the performers. Altogether, the revival was a "fake" of the baldest description. Mr. Wood belongs to the bygone class of managers. He seems to think that the same sort of vapid fare that pleased his patrons

when he presided over the affairs of the old Museum will be swallowed now. A few more experiences like the last venture will perhaps convince him of the fallacy of this notion. Nettie Abbott, who appeared as *Lurline*, is a pretty woman. The part did not enable her to show any dramatic power, so our estimate of her abilities must be reserved until a more inviting occasion for comment. J. F. Peters wrestled with a lugubrious comedy part unsuccessfully. The rest of the cast call for no individual mention, as they were all unexceptionably bad. A "sup" who came on and indulged in some extravagant antics, evidently introduced without the knowledge or sanction of the stage-manager, was rapturously applauded, but his triumph was short-lived, as a dozen hands pulled him into the wings and a dozen boots kicked him into limitless space. It is unlikely that the Naisd Queen will practice her arts at the Cosmopolitan for any great length of time.

The Queen's Lace Handkerchief was sung at the People's Monday night before an assemblage that comfortably filled the house. The company, we understand, is under the management of C. M. Pyke. It includes a number of capable artists. Fanny Redding was eminently successful as the King, and the Queen was nicely acted and sung by Louise Manfred. Rose Beaudet looked very pretty as Donna Irene, but her vocal powers are limited even for the modest requirements of this role. Cervantes was amusingly acted by Mr. Pyke, and Herr Adolphi caused a good deal of laughter by his humorous performance of the tutor. The rest of the cast was satisfactory. A large chorus did efficient service and the orchestra, under the direction of Hans Kreisig, showed the fruits of good discipline and excellent conductorship.

The Actors' Fund.

A quorum of Trustees were on hand at the Actors' Fund meeting last Thursday. The session lasted from half past one o'clock until five. President Miner's ardor affected his colleagues. Among others present were Messrs. Mallory, Poole, Colville, Birch and Sinn, and four reporters. The minutes of the annual meeting were passed upon favorably.

The first business before the meeting was the election of an Assistant Secretary. After several eulogistic speeches over Mr. Ben Baker's performance of the duties, that gentleman was unanimously re-elected. The following Executive Committee was elected: John F. Poole, William Henderson, Samuel Colville, Marshall Mallory and Edward Harrigan.

The Assistant Secretary stated that he had written nearly fifty letters notifying the gentlemen who were appointed to offices at the annual meeting, and had also conveyed officially the votes of thanks accorded to the benefactors of the Fund, and to the doctors who had rendered assistance during the year.

Louis Aldrich's proposition, which has been so generally discussed, was next brought before the meeting. Mr. Aldrich did not appear, as expected, to debate the scheme. However, it was adopted, and Mr. Baker was instructed to have the slips printed and forwarded to the various managers, with an explanatory letter.

A letter was read from George L. Stout, proposing that an annual magazine should be established for the benefit of the Fund, written and illustrated solely by actors, upon the plan of that published by the Royal Dramatic Fund in London. After discussion this was considered impracticable, and the letter was laid on the table.

W. O. McDowell, of 120 Liberty street, communicated to the Board his desire to assist the Fund. He generously tendered an excursion boat for any day during the month of June, with the use of a ball-room at Coney Island. This was declined with thanks.

The managers of the McLean Asylum, near Boston, have informed the Board that there is no hope of Orrin Richards, the scenic artist, regaining his reason. The communication was referred to the Executive Committee.

Colonel Sinn proposed that in future the annual benefits take place in November or December, and that more preparation be made to make them a success.

Samuel Colville thought that the formation of local committees in the different cities would tend to excite more interest in the Fund.

Harry Miner then read an address which he had written as President of the Fund and which he proposed to send to the profession throughout the country. It is in the nature of an appeal. Some discussion took place on the matter, as many considered it should emanate from the Trustees as a body. Mr. Miner stated, however, that they might send the address if deemed proper, but that his appeal would be issued in any event.

Other business having been disposed of, it was stated by the Secretary that at present there are being cared for at the Fund's expense two persons in the New York Hospital, one in the Home for Incurables, one in the Buffalo Hospital, one in the Charity Hospital, one in the McLean Asylum, one in St. Mary's Hospital and one in St. Vincent's Hospital.

The Trustees then adjourned until August 25. At the business in the interim will be attended to by the Executive Committee.

Spicing of the prospects of the Fund to a Miscellaneous last evening, Harry Miner said: "I will work night and main to get up a Grand Fancy Fair at Madison Square in the

Fall, securing prominent actresses to attend at the booths. I think it is a great scheme, and I am now considering how I may secure Ellen Terry as one of the attendants."

Another English Opera Troupe.

A Mirror reporter has been informed that the organization known in England as the Royal English Opera company will come to America next season. Among the artists who will comprise the Royal company are Blanche Cole, Julia Gayford, Philippine Siedle, Kate Cooke, Olive Summers, Lucy Franklin, Frederick C. Packard, Albert McGuirk, George Vay, James Panage, Edward Griffin, Arthur Kennett, F. Kinnaird, E. Miller, and other artists well known on the other side. The headquarters of the company is at Covent Garden Theatre, and J. S. Tanner is manager. They carry their own ballet, chorus, orchestra and scenery. The repertoire includes *Faust*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Colombia*, *Isle of Man*, *Martha*, *Maritana*, and all of the popular operas.

Many of the artists have been with Carl Rosa for several seasons. Some of them are Americans. Arrangements are now pending for the appearance of the company in all the leading cities. The intention of the management is to bring from the other side all the people required.

Fort Wayne's New Theatre.

Manager John A. Scott, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is in the city, accompanied by Mr. J. H. Simonson, under whose superintendence the new Masonic Temple in that city was built. The building of the Temple was begun about four years ago, but work stopped for lack of funds after the first story was reached. Recently sufficient funds were raised, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Simonson, to complete the work that had languished so long. An engraving of the building shows a very handsome structure of four and a half stories. The Masonic bodies of Fort Wayne are the owners. It has a frontage of 70 feet and a depth of 120. The ground floor will be entirely occupied by the theatre. All above will be devoted to the uses of the Masonic Order. There will be no stores, the whole building comprising a theatre and numerous lodges. The building will be known simply as the Masonic Temple, neither theatre nor opera house being used. Mr. Scott will manage the house for the Order, and is now in New York to secure an attraction for the opening, which takes place early in September.

Since the era of theatre building and travelling combinations set in, Fort Wayne has been badly off for theatrical accommodations, being far behind the greater number of cities of half its size. An old hall had been fixed up and pretentiously dubbed the "Academy of Music," and for years this has been Fort Wayne's only theatre. Its stage was small, and in other respects it was unsuited for theatrical purposes. The "Academy" will be converted to other uses after Sept. 1. The handsome new Temple will, to use a hackneyed expression, fill a "long-felt want." Managers of combinations need no longer think of Fort Wayne with a shudder.

Mr. Cuthbert's Summer Snap.

Townsend Percy's partner, Henry Cuthbert, has a story to tell of the collapse of his Summer opera season at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn. "We did not rent from Knowles and Morris," said he; "we played on shares. For two weeks and three days our share amounted to \$1,407. Knowles and Morris' was a little less. We disbursed \$900 for salaries, \$266 for printing and about \$210 for costumes, etc. This absorbed our share, and consequently we were unable to pay salaries or keep the opera going."

This explanation is very satisfactory, no doubt, to Mr. Cuthbert. But his was a trust-to-luck scheme—a snap of the snappiest, without even a modicum of capital. The deluded company are not so badly off, after all. If their manager had taken them to some far-away spot, many of them would have been in a bad way. As it is, the collapse found them near home. Besides, Knowles and Morris have come to their aid, and the season has been resumed. These gentlemen advanced some of the back salaries, thus relieving immediate necessities. Some of the high-priced people in the company have been dispensed with.

A Long and Brilliant Season.

"My contract with Mile. Rhea expires on the 31 of January," said Manager A. B. Chase to THE MIRROR'S Denver representative. "Our present season closes in Detroit July 1 with a benefit to the company—an annual recurrence. We will then have been on the road over ten months."

"Mademoiselle will then visit in all France, I suppose?"

"On July 5 she will take passage by the *Florida*, and will remain abroad until the end of August. The season has been long and fatiguing, and she needs rest. From Brooklyn, N. Y., to Los Angeles, Cal., from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to the delta of the Mississippi—we have travelled nearly 25,000 miles and played in nearly all the prominent cities and towns of America. We had but one losing week—Cincinnati in the extreme cold weather. We had a gala week at Los Angeles, Cal., last month. The receipts for five nights and a

matinee—the first night was lost through a landslide on the railroad—reached \$9,000. This included a premium auction sale of \$1,500. On the opening (Tuesday) night, after speeches by the Mayor, architect, etc., a magnificent solid gold orange leaf with raised orange blossoms in silver and engraved "Welcome" on one side and on the other a raised green emerald laurel wreath with the word "Rhea" in diamonds, was presented to the star. On the last night a wreath of orange blossoms and leaves hammered out of solid silver, with a gold orange leaf in front set in diamonds, was presented to Mile. Rhea as a farewell souvenir from leading residents."

"And your next season—?"

"Will open early in September, probably in Cleveland. The repertoire will be confined to *Yvonne*, the new play, and *A Terrible Woman*. *Yvonne* is a powerful five-act drama and calls for a large and strong cast. It will be placed on the stage with every facility for success—special scenery, elegant costumes, etc.—and if it proves a drawing card it will be played, to the exclusion of the *Terrible Woman*, until the close of our contract."

The Gay Capital.

PARIS, June 2.

Farewell! a long farewell to all the cherished traditions which have clustered like the clambering ivy around that nursery of the drama which is alike the pride and the boast of every Parisian. The Theatre Français has made a new departure, and, in producing the long-expected *Député de Bombignac*, has drifted into that field which is usually accorded to the Palais-Royal. The piece is by M. Bisson, an author who achieved a reputation, in company with M. Gondinet, by their *Voyage d'Agreement* at the Vaudeville. This is the play from which *A Voyage en Suisse*, made familiar to you by the Hanlons, was taken. Bisson's play of *Le 115 Rue Pigalle* also made a great hit at the Cluny, so a vast deal of amusement was expected from the new piece, and the audience was not disappointed. The production was originally fixed for the Odéon, but the management there kept procrastinating until Bisson became disgusted. He happened to meet M. Coquelin, who suggested the Français, where it was presented and accepted. It can be put down as one of the successes of the year, not especially for the reason that it possesses notable dramatic merit or particular originality, for it bears a family resemblance to a number of familiar productions of the past winter; but the clever acting of the Brothers Coquelin, upon whom the whole weight of the interpretation may be said to fall, would be saviors of compositions infinitely below this in point of excellence. The scene is laid in Poitiers, where the Comte de Chautaur (Coquelin *ainé*) has a chateau, and where, in company with his young wife Héline (Mlle. Durand), his mother-in-law and sister-in-law, he is for the present residing. The Comte has grown heartily tired of the uneventful monotony of country life, and years after the follies and vanities of Paris, when a "combination" comes to play a short engagement at Poitiers. He, not having better amusement, falls violently in love with Sidonie, the prima donna, who professes to be a bright and particular star from the Variétés in Paris. Chautaur is endeavoring to frame some excuse that will go down with his mother-in-law, which will enable him to see his sweetheart, whom he has promised to meet in Paris, but without success, when one of his boon companions opportunely arrives and offers it to him. This gentleman had just passed through Bombignac, and had received a request to stand as the Legitimist candidate for Deputy from that district; as it was overwhelmingly Republican he had not considered it worth while to reply, and still has the letter in his pocket unanswered, which he willingly transferred to his friend, and Chautaur then announces to his wife and mother-in-law his intention of standing as a candidate for Bombignac. The ladies are both ardent Royalists and immediately approve of the idea; so he gets ready, and starts from the chateau, accompanied by his faithful private secretary, Pinteau (Coquelin *cadet*). This secretary is a devoted servant, but an extreme Radical. However, as the Comte cares nothing about politics and thinks less, this fact is not taken into consideration, and, when they reach the railway station, Pinteau is sent South to pass himself off as the Comte, and his master takes the express to Paris, where he spends a fortnight most happily. When he returns to the chateau and finds he has been elected Radical Deputy for Bombignac, his surprise and the indignation of his family can well be imagined. Pinteau has passed himself off as the Comte de Chautaur, but the campaign was too much for him. He spends *facile* francs of the Comte's money, and in his stump speeches he has proved himself such an advanced Radical that he carries the place by storm, and is elected almost unanimously. Pinteau had had a little spare time on his hands, which he had used in making hot love to a lady he had met in the canvass, and had been as successful with her as with the constituency. The object of Comte's friend's visit to Bombignac had been to install an old sweetheart in an establishment he had purchased for her, and this retired

is the lady with whom, Pinteau has passed some happy hours. She imagines that he is the Comte de Chautaur, and he, on his part, takes her to be a very distinguished personage, even though the conquest of her heart has proven a comparatively easy undertaking.

She follows him to Poitiers, and the mother-in-law, having opened one of her letters, is shocked at the revelations it contains. When Chautaur hears of this discovery, and is apprised that the *Monsieur* has sent to have the lady brought to the Chateau, he is in a terrible state of trepidation, as he imagines that it is the actress from Paris who has arrived for the purpose of blackmailing him. In the end the complications are cleared up in a satisfactory manner. The Comte believes in the fidelity of his husband, her sister marries Monsieur, the friend of the Comte, the Comte is cured of his wandering after strange gods; Pinteau discovers the real character of Anais, and suffers no unpleasant consequences from the presumption he had made, as he is allowed to take his seat. All the acts pass in the chateau; the second is tremendously funny, and brought down the house. The mother-in-law is constantly receiving telegrams, postal-cards and letters which give the Comte away both in his treason to the faith of his fathers and to his marital vows. The piece will no doubt be adapted for the American stage, as it contains some very bright lines. The following are a few specimens:

"Well, then, you ought to go into politics."

"Hui, really, I have not a single quality of the statesman."

"Oh, yes, you have; you are rich."

Again:

"It is that Sidonie who made him lose his head; he ought to know better and get rid of her—after a week."

Again:

"I think the best way to prevent failures in keeping promises is not to make any."

Mile. Louise Sergeant, who lived at Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, was a bright, talented and beautiful young actress, who created quite a sensation in her part of *Jabotte* in the pantomime of *Cendrillon*, at the Porte St. Martin. She was attacked by a nervous disease, and sought hyperdermic injections of morphine to relieve her sufferings; she eventually became a slave to the drug, and when not under its influence suffered the torments of the damned. She had upon one occasion attempted suicide by shooting herself, but she was prevented by the weapon being torn from her hand. Yesterday morning, however, she took advantage of a moment when her servant was out, and placing the muzzle of a large revolver in her mouth, fired a bullet through her brain and expired a few moments afterward in the arms of her physician.

The first representation of a comedy in one act, by the Marquis de Massa, entitled *La Cécilice*, was given last evening at the residence of Baron Maurice de Hirsch. The star on the forehead of the heroine (Mlle. Reichenberg) leads to the culminating point, which, of course, is a marriage. M. Coquelin *ainé*, who appears to be ubiquitous, played three characters in the piece, and acted them well. Mile. Reichenberg was not up in her lines and did not do credit to herself nor to the part. The comedy was preceded by a farce and followed by a dance which lasted until broad daylight in the morning.

The Billie Taylor Opera company, with Lillian Russell as the bright and particular star, which started out on a Continental tour about two months since, has come to grief at Lausanne. They opened their season at Havre, and after performing at Brussels started down through Germany and Switzerland. Their business became poorer and poorer, and finally the director ran away with all the available cash, leaving the company to the tender mercies of the keeper of the hotel where the company had stopped. Some of the kind-hearted residents and visitors are assisting the members, so they will probably all reach their base of supplies with a bountiful store of experience, if nothing else. Miss Russell has been engaged in London for the ensuing season at a fair salary; at least, so says Madam Rumor.

The hot weather is rapidly bringing the season to a finish, and it is not any too soon, as it is reported that on Saturday last one house took in only twenty-six francs at the doors. On the same evening the Italiens, Odéon, Variétés and Bouffes closed their doors for the Summer. Les Trois Devisus will be brought out this week at the Ambigu. Edmond Flourey is to be named Secretary of the Châtelet. Macbeth will be played at the Porte Saint-Martin until the end of the present month. The annual cost of insuring the scenery at the Grand Opera is 40,000 francs. Georges Richard has read to the committee of the Comédie Française a comedy in which he had made a large number of alterations, which they had suggested; but now M. Arnoux-Revière comes forward and claims that the plot of the piece was stolen from a romance written by him. The Cluny closes on the 15th of June, having had a wonderfully successful run with *Trois Femmes pour un Mari*. They will probably open the ensuing season with the same piece. Les Caprices de Marianne is to be revived at the Français. Mme. Bernhardt will probably produce at the Porte St. Martin an adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*, by M. Richepin, at the opening of next season. Excelsior will be continued at the Eden under the new management. Le Cid is being rehearsed at the Comédie-Française. Mme. Vauthier has been engaged at the Opéra and will make her debut in *Aida*. M. Mayer has engaged Jeanne Bernhardt to play at the Porte Saint-Martin during next winter. Michael Strogoff is to be revived at the Châtelet next season. The theatrical season has, in effect, closed, and out of forty-eight places of amusement open to the public only six, the Opéra, Opéra-Comique, Français, Gymnase, Variétés and Nouveautés, are said to have made money. Seven or eight of the others have barely made both ends meet; and all the rest have lost money, several of them having been forced to close their doors before the end of the season. Richard III., an opera in four acts, will be presented at the Italiens next season.

The following are the echoes from the Boulevard:

A young dramatic author carried his play to a theatrical manager; months passed and his expected answer did not come, so he determined to ask the return of his manuscript. The manager searched through his pigeon holes and ransacked every drawer of his desk, but was unable to find it. He says:

"Your manuscript is lost, young man; showing him a pile of plays left by authors—'If you want another, just take any one of these.'"

In a Paris counting room:

Employer: "You wished to speak to me, Clerk?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir."

What is it?"

"I perform exactly the same duties as you does and I receive thirty francs less a month than he does. Is that just?"

"No, my dear fellow, it is not. You are right. From this day Jacques salary shall be cut down thirty francs."

Our London Looking-Glass.



Since we, like you, and by our looking-glass,
That we may see the drama's shadow pass.
—MISSED ED. OR RICHARD III.

The renewed success of *Our Boys* at the Gaiety is the event of the week. Miss Fortescue, of *Our Girls*, is to the fore as the poor cousin with an expensive wardrobe. She will never make an actress, because she will not subordinate her beauty to her art. Fanny Davenport only began to be an actress when she put on rags and played Ruth Tredgett. Fanny Mary Melrose played with a half guinea bouquet at her corsage, and in striped skirts such as a Strand *cri* woman sports! Why shall *Our Boys* never see the light in America well played? It was slaughtered at Daly's. Byron had sold it to Wallack and got his money. Wallack, gentlemanlike, trusted to Byron's word. Daly, more business-like, got a fresh contract that stood the fire of a lawsuit. Byron got his earnest money, but he lost his royalties and his prestige. Wallack at that time could have cast *Our Boys* for a season's run.

The Great Divorce Case is even better played at the Criterion than when I saw it at the Union Square last Summer. I believe Mr. Micawber could financially magnetize the best when his foot was on his native heath. Wyndham, Kate Rorke and Giddens (who are the mouth, eyes and nose of the features of the play) seem to amuse best on their native heath. During the first performance the row of (not tan-y but electric) top lights fell immediately in front of Wyndham and Miss Chalgrove. With that a painful rustle of apprehension went over the house, that was at once relieved by Wyndham saying to his "client," "Do not mind the interruption; continue your sad story." The audience applauded, and saw by his manner that "all was serene," and the curtain dropped for a moment for restorations. When it re-ascended Wyndham continued: "And now, Madame, to resume." When another round of applause followed.

Similar presence of mind was shown by Emerson of the Haverly Minstrels when a calcium lime-bag exploded under the stage, and when the audience partly rose in consequence. "My big trunk has fallen," said Emerson to the other, and the two, keeping on, reassured the audience. This may be called mastodon presence of mind. Which reminds me that I saw Haverly last evening in the Gaiety grill-room, surrounded by his staff of secretaries (with Kenward Phelps and Charles DaGarmo at their head), showing unmistakable symptoms of a financial rehabilitation. "How will you have the Welsh rabbit done? She cooks in a hurry." "Is a rabbit a feminine? If so, I will have her leetle browned," said Handsome Jack, and he paid forfeit in drinks like a man.

I saw the weak dramatic version of Adam Bede at the Holborn, and was about to give a paragraph about the performance when this, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, caught my attention. I cannot improve upon that, as the Fourth of July pyrotechnist exclaimed when during his fireworks a sheet of lightning struck down the St. Catherine-wheel pole. Thus the *P. M. G.*: "A gentleman who disdains the conventional prefix and describes himself in the play-bill as Howell-Poole has laid sacrilegious hands upon 'Adam Bede' and converted it into a terribly long and prosy drama, which has been produced in a rough-and-ready fashion by Mr. George Rignold at the Holborn Theatre. It would be impossible to reproduce on the stage anything of the real charm of George Eliot's work. Its plot, which in its bare outline is commonplace enough, is all that the playwright can really grasp. 'Howell-Poole' is innocent of the art of even telling a story coherently on the stage, and as for giving us clearly to understand the motives and emotions of his personages, that is utterly beyond his power. The rambling action is always being interrupted by comic and pastoral episodes, in some of which one recognizes with a sort of shudder lacerated fragments of humor, and now and again of the ethics, of George Eliot. The play would be deplorably dull even if it did not caricature a great classic; the fact that such names as Adam Bede, Hetty Sorrel, Mrs. Poyser and Dinah Morris are attached to the puppets makes the exhibition painful."

Much attention is attracted at the exhibition of the Royal Academy to picture No. 4, and entitled on the catalogue "A Morning Call."

All American and not a few London visitors recognize in the beauty of face and figure of a portrait thus modestly denominated, Marie Gordon (Mrs. John T. Raymond). She preferred to be incognita. The portrait is by a lady artist, Miss —, and is unusually good work. Other dramatic celebrities are on the walls—Miss Fortescue, Irving and Bancroft, with a fine bust of Wilson Barrett in the statuette-room.

Only a veteran amusement devotee like Judge Brady—who wrote dramatic critiques for *Porter's Spirit of the Times* as a youngster when I was also writing them for other papers—can remember the song frolic and gymnastics of Leopold de Meyer on his first visit as a pianist to New York. He has a rival in a M. Perce, and it makes you chilly to hear him. He is soon coming over the water. Last week he assuaged Parisians by playing on a cabinet piano that was introduced into the cage of lions in Pozzo's Menagerie. He played a sonata from Chopin, and the kings of beasts did not respond by an English pronunciation of that composer's name in respect to the pianist's head. On the contrary, they sat in tableaux to realize Shakespeare's lines about music's charms that soothe the savage beasts.

George Augustus Sala, in the *Illustrated News*, gives a mild warning to Irving about deserting English clients for American ones, and says who knows but while he is away a young Mr. Garrick and a fresh Mrs. Siddons may not edge away Mr. Irving and Miss Terry. Certainly Wilson Barrett has increased his own popularity while Irving has been absent. But the He and She of the Lyceum have a stronger hold on the masses than I supposed. Not only on the first night (which it was possible to arrange for), but on each night since, the pit and gallery have been crowded with enthusiastic occupants.

The Criterion is to enhance its attractions next week by substituting as the playing-in piece *Somebody Else*, by Planché, for *Naval Engagements*. I remember my grandmother telling me what a charm this latter farce was to her youth, and when I first saw Placide. Mrs. Vernon and William Wheatley tread nimbly upon the moss that had overgrown the fun of the piece, I held it in reverence. Somebody Else is not so old (still it has age, like the Madeira President Vanderpoel dispenses at the Manhattan Club); but it has more fun, and with Giddens and Kate Rorke in the principal parts it will be a great go.

Daniel Frohman has added himself during the past week to the den of lions, 449 Strand. He walks around with an Alpine Rose in one lappel and a May Blossom in the other, and is altogether the Man of the Culture that he hopes next to produce. Montagu Marks and Uncle Dan Hixby are also lions—at the various theatres. Brander Mathews is to be seen on Pall Mall studying new phases of character for a new play. But oh! when shall mine eager eyes behold John Dorcas on Adelphi's Terrace?

Under the Clock for this week, which by the way is stirring up older theatrical weeklies with a magnetic pole, moots the subject of theatrical managers imitating "the custom prevailing in the United States of having programmes tastefully gotten up, interspersed with social and theatrical gossip and with a synopsis of the play, gratuitously given." I add to this the significant fact that the three theatres here who still sublet the cloak, opera-glass and programme privileges of exacting fees (in return for which attendants and programmes are supplied free of charge to the auditors) are the least successful and that two of them close doors to-night.

Duke Aranza Bird may be glad to know that his client, Genevieve Ward, writes that at the date of her letter (written where Ceylon's spicy breezes blow) she had just finished her 14th thousand mile of travel. She can say earnestly to the traditional "Road," "Forget me not." She has had in India no lack of audiences and many lacs of rupees. The Wards, of all families, are great travelers. Witness Ada and the lamented Uncle Sam.

Frank Frayne is on a successful tour in the west of England as a Dead Shot. Which he is. He has with him a bear—which he is not. A diabolical whisper at my left ear bids me refrain.

Wilson Barrett is instructing his company in elocution, and he, she or it who "rehearses" the best will win a prize. Which sadness reminds me of Edwin Forrest and an actor who wished to win the former's favor. He played a trial part several nights and then asked Forrest if he was acceptable. The tragedian growled at him indistinctly. The actor added: "I have thus far taken forty lessons in elocution." "If I didn't think so," returned Forrest. "Elocution is the ether and opium of dramatic art."

The theatrical witicism of the week belongs to H. P. Stephens. Walking with a friend in Garrick street, a cab containing a gentleman was run into by a grocer's cart and he nearly thrown out. "Why, that's Edgar Bruce," said the friend. "Bruce" returned Stephens,

"why, he came near having his name changed in a hospital to Edgar bruised."

Baton Mansfield suns himself daily around Trafalgar Square, looking as if he could knock off Nelson's cocked hat on top of the monument with that pair of dumb bells he used to struggle with in *Parisian Romance*.

Lawrence Barrett and Henry Irving have been playing at a private performance of *St. George and the Dragon*. H. I. was the St. and L. B. the wounded animal. Thus H. I. was possessor of an order of St. George set in brilliant once worn by the elder Keen when playing Richard III., and this he presented to L. B. with an inscription of compliment. I at least like Barrett's pluck. He will come again next year and play in *Francesca*. I fancy he will then make a great hit. A. OAKLEY HALL.

The Wild West Show.

Buffalo Bill opened a two weeks' season of the Wild West at the Polo Grounds on Monday afternoon. A *Mirror* representative attended. With some difficulty he forced his way through the dense crowd that surrounded the entrance, and seated himself in a cool and sheltered part of the grand stand. During the performance a band played popular music. A lusty-lunged person announced each act, with a brief description thereof, and a glance at the careers of the heroes who appeared therein. First came a parade of the Show. The Rocky Mountain sheep attracted attention, as they were said to be the only specimens ever known to have lived in captivity. Each tribe of Indians appeared separately, headed by a chief. Their horsemanship was wonderful, keeping in perfect line at full gallop. Big Eagle headed the Omahas, and presented a picturesque appearance. The reception to the cowboys was very enthusiastic. The Mexican vaqueros came next, headed by Antonio Escapulo, the champion vaquero of Mexico. The Pawnees rode up, headed by Major North, their white chief. The Major is a commanding personage, with an intelligent face. Besides being a real live chief, he is a member of the Nebraska Legislature. He claims to speak thirteen languages of the red nation. Next appeared a number of Sioux Indians under John Nelson.

A wild cheer greeted the approach of a long line of tall, wiry men, at full gallop in a cloud of dust. Buck Taylor, the famous prairie rancher, headed the cavalcade. These American dare-devils were accompanied by Con Groner, the cow-boy sheriff, a daring limb of Western law. When the cavalcade had wheeled into line, Hon. William F. Cody introduced the cowboys in a speech.

After the formal opening the performance began with a war-whoop. At a wave of Buffalo Bill's hat the gang wheeled about and raced pell-mell for the encampment at the end of the grounds. About ten events followed, among the most striking of which were the riding and lassoing of Texas steer; a race between two Indians, two Mexicans, and two cowboys on horseback; an exhibition of how the old-time pony express was worked. Captain Hogardus and his four sons displayed some marvellous shooting. Buffalo Bill ditto. But few misses were made, either at clay pigeons or glass balls. Among other notables were Buck Taylor, a dead shot, lasso thrower and daring rider; John Nelson, Seth Hathaway, Major North, Con Groner, Frank Wheeling, William Russell and William Irving. Two colored boys gave exhibitions of horsemanship, and rode wild elk, steer and other cattle. Victor Green, the younger of the two, is said to be the only person in the whole camp who can ride the mule Suicide.

A notable feature of the exhibition is the attack on the Deadwood Coach. Edward Bloom and several gentlemen were inside. At a signal Mr. Bloom began to blaze away with a rifle. The Indians gathered about and began promiscuous firing. When the excitement had ceased the paralyzed occupants of the coach were tenderly lifted to the ground. There are now streaks of silver in Bloom's taven locks.

By handing a half-dollar to a member of the Hogardus family, one could secure a mutilated souvenir of the Show. One unfortunate, however, had his coin blown into space. At the conclusion of the entertainment Buffalo Bill made a speech of thanks.

Dixey's Burlesque.

Harry Dixey, or, as he is now called, Henry E. Dixey, is working hard on rehearsals of his burlesque, *Adonis*, at the New Park Theatre. It is the joint work of William Gill and himself. The company will number sixty. Mr. Dixey, in addition to playing the title role, will take an active part in the management. Edward E. Rice is interested with him. The scenery, costumes and properties, all of his own and Rice's design, will be new. Alfred Thompson has executed the designs for the costumes, which are nearly ready.

Mr. Dixey says the burlesque is a combination of extravaganza and merry comedy, relating the story of a statue brought to life by the love of a sculptress and afterward going through a varied career. Rice has composed the music. The piece opens in Chicago on July 6, and will later be taken to Boston. Most of the time has been looked.

Professional Doings.

—Nellie Strickland has been engaged by W. J. Scanlan.

—W. S. Mullaly has joined the Kitzels as musical director.

—H. B. Lonsdale and James Barton are away on a yachting cruise.

—Walden Ramsay and De Wolf Hopper remain with the Madison Square.

—John Morgan has been engaged by Colville and Rikaby for *The Pavements of Paris*.

—George Loesch will conduct the Boston Howard Athenaeum orchestra next season.

—C. H. Kimball has received an offer from W. A. Mestayer to join one of his companies.

—John Gilbert, late of the *Wanted—A Partner* company, has been engaged for a Boston Theatre company.

—The Star Comedy company will not go on the road until the Fall. It may thus escape being classed as a snap.

—The coming season will be Joseph Levy's fourth with Lawrence Barrett. It will open at Denver, Col., July 25.

—Joseph W. Harris goes to Ocean Spray for the Summer. He will rehearse *Disillusion* in Boston with George Schiller.

—Gale and Spader's Bohemians are rehearsing at the Comedy Theatre under A. Z. Chipman. They open in Chicago in July.

—Frank Daniels will continue in his original creation of *Old Sport in the Rag Baby*. The funny trifle is looked for all the principal cities.

—A *Mirror* reporter on Tuesday was shown a telegram from San Francisco, announcing that James O'Neill opened to a \$2,000 house the night before.

—The Young Mrs. Winthrop company arrived in town yesterday, having closed at Omaha. Enid Leslie remained in Chicago to join the Wallack company.

—At the close of the Boston season, July 5, Tony Pastor's Own will take a five weeks' vacation. The Own will reassemble at Saratoga on August 11 and resume the tour.

—After the production of *Twins*, at Wallack's, the Frohman will send it on the road under the Wallack-Frohman arrangement. So Charles Frohman informed a *Mirror* reporter yesterday.

—R. S. Downing, Walter Dennis, Giles Shine and wife, Crypti Palmont, James F. Joyce and James Mahoney are among the professionals lately returned to their homes in Washington.

—Walter Owen has not as yet signed for next season. He is anxious to secure a position in a company playing tragedies. Mr. Owen has a fine voice and good stage presence and carriage.

—Colonel Milliken has just adapted *La Flamboyante*. It will be known in English under the title of *The Good Ship Nonesuch*. The piece contains a strong comedy part for a leading man.

—A burlesque of *Madam Boniface* has been submitted to the Bijou Opera House management. As Theo will sing the opera at Wallack's, it is thought a burlesque at the little house opposite would pay.

—Lester Wallack has secured the comedy by Joseph Derrick, called *Twins*, from Simmonds and Brown, and it will be produced at his theatre in November. It is a lively and somewhat Frenchy trifle.

—Patience was produced at Knowles and Morris' Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, on Monday night, with Emma Houston in the title role; Gertrude Orme as Lady Jane and George Gaston as Bunthorne.

—Sophie Lingwood has returned to the city from Boston, where she had been playing in *Our Boarding-School* with John E. Ince. Mr. Ince and Miss Lingwood may try a Summer season with the *Boarding-School*.

—George Kelly and Harry Herka, managers of the Indian troupe which had been on exhibition at the People's Museum in Cincinnati, were attached 15th, at the instance of H. H. Ludlum, to satisfy a claim of \$500.

—Doré Davidson's case against Gallagher, Gilmore and Gardner, managers of *The Devil's Auction*, has been settled. An attachment was obtained upon the scenery by the plaintiff, and this hastened a satisfactory compromise.

—The report that a new theatre is being erected at the corner of Houston street and the Bowery is untrue. Harry Miner informed a *Mirror* man yesterday that the Astor family, who own the ground, will erect flats and stores thereon.

—Ed. Bloom assisted at the first matinee of the Wild West Show, acting as a passenger in the Deadwood coach during the Indian attack. The firing so shattered his nerves that he came near fainting. He had to be assisted from the coach.

—Manager Fennessy, of Heuck's New Opera House in Cincinnati, has perfected arrangements with Appleton and Reist's Dayton Rink Opera company for a series of Sunday evening performances at his house, the first to occur 22d.

—Gustave Amberg has written to his friends here informing them that he has arranged with the Meiningen company for an American tour next season. He will return in August, and make preparations for their appearance at the Thalia Theatre.

—The admirers of an artist no longer write for a photograph with an autograph. They purchase one at a store, and then send a messenger boy, with pen and ink, to the stage-door, with a request that the actor or actress scribble off his or her sign manual.

—W. A. Mestayer's lambskin was a visitor at the Lundo Club on Sunday week, being conveyed thither in a black-and-tan cab. His health was drunk by the biped lambs.

—Signor Cappini, whom the *Kinkys* sent to Europe to secure ballets, etc., will return in two weeks to rehearse the company for the opening at the Star Theatre in August.

—D. F. Heddell remained with the Fun on the Heistel company through its disastrous season last Winter. About two months ago he took the management into his own hands, and has kept the piece on the road with success. It is now touring the Summer resorts.

—The Callender Minstrels No. 1 played at the Standard Theatre in London last week, while No. 2 played the same week at the Standard Theatre, Chicago. No. 1 opens in Liverpool on June 23 for four weeks. They sail for home at the end of that engagement.

—The new Opera House at Frankfort, Ind., is in the centre of a population of 6,000, with plenty of outlying territory to draw from. The stage is 35x44 feet, with 15 foot scenery. Four railroads enter the town. The manager, Thomas J. Smith, attends to his own business.

—On Tuesday night, after the first act of *Penny Ante*, detectives entered at the stage-door of the Fourteenth Street Theatre and arrested a chorus-singer. He is charged with stealing a quantity of jewelry in Europe. Among his associates here he posed as a Count.

—H. C. Jarrett, John McCull and Sophie Eyre arrived on the *Oregon* on Sunday. Miss Eyre left at four o'clock on Monday for Boston to join the Wallack company. Harry Edwards leaves on Saturday next to represent Lester Wallack during the long tour of this company.

—Henry Dickson, of the *Kenton* (O.) Opera House, is prepared to book for next season. In the language of the advance man, "Kenton is a lively show town." The population is 7,000, and the house is one of the finest outside the large cities of Ohio. Mr. Dickson shares only.

—The Metropolitan Musical Club held the most successful soiree of the season at their rooms on Friday last. A child violinist, Dan Beecher, made a great hit. About sixty members were present. Eight numbers were rendered. D'Ernesti, Gustav Beecher and others gave selections.

—The owners of premises adjoining the Horticultural Hall at Broadway and Twenty-eighth street have notified W. A. Mestayer that they will prevent him from utilizing the vacant frontage on Twenty-eighth street if he attempts to build a facade to the sidewalk. This is his intention.

—Jimmy Alliger's sky-terrier, "Guss," will spend the Summer with the Alliger family at the Argyle Hotel, Babylon, L. I. As "Guss" now plays a part in one of the plays of the Chautauque repertoire, she is looked upon as a member of the company. During the last Chautauque engagement in Philadelphia "Guss" was roundly applauded on her entrance each night.

—An organization called Our Summer Tour company, composed of members of different combinations now idle, will start on Monday for a tour of Jersey towns. The company includes Amy Lee, Miss Clamen, Downes and Booth and Messrs. J. H. Alliger, Burgess, Eagle, Howard, Conyers, Bland and Flinham.

—A company consisting of Helen Adell, Pauline Markham, Sara Lancelotti, Edith Bird, Randolph Murray, Henry Miller, Richard Germaine, Ernest Murray and George Bird left for the Thousand Islands on Sunday night. Manager Charles Barton has made arrangements to play them four times a week. George W. Farren is in charge of the company.

—The name of the Town Hall at Port Arthur, Ontario, has been changed to Prince Arthur's Theatre. The hall has been remodeled, enlarged and otherwise improved. Port Arthur is at the head of Lake Superior and is the eastern terminus of the Canada Pacific Railway. The town is the centre of a mining interest and has a large moneyed floating population. The house will be ready for the Summer season July 1.

—The new Garland Opera House, at Waco, Texas, will be ready for occupancy Oct. 1. The seating capacity will be 1,000. The house will be heated with hot-air furnaces and cooled with steam blowers. The interior will be elegantly decorated and upholstered. The population of Waco is 12,000. Manager Garland has reason to believe that a designing person is circulating a report to the effect that no new Opera House is to be built in Waco. He assures managers that the house is nearly ready for the decorators, and that the designing person failed to get an authorization to attend to his bookings.

—Leshman, the new Puritan-Indian opera, will not be given in Cleveland during the month of July, as intended, by the Wilbur Opera company. The decision is unanimous, on the part of the parties interested, against tampering with a good opera by giving it for the first time at a Summer garden. Upon the Wilbur company reaching Cleveland, Richard Stahl, the composer, stated his objections, and wrote them to the author of the libretto, Earl Marble, who added that he did not believe, in the case of a new opera, of trying it on a dog. So it was arranged that the first production will be elsewhere and later, possibly not till after the election in November.

The Usher.



Head him who can! The ladies call him, sweet—
—Love's Lovers' Love.

I note the following paragraph in a recent letter from my friend Howard Paul, written from London to the *American Register* of Paris:

For reliable general theatrical information and bright, incisive reviews of current plays, the *New York Mirror*, edited by Harrison Grey Fiske, is a most admirable journal, and one I read with great pleasure; but it is a pity that the mark on the subject of Lotta and Miss Palmer. It is possible that the latter, at some period of her career, when she was forming her style, may have benefited by seeing the elder lady act, and taken hints from her; but I contend that little Miss Palmer has distinct merits of her own. Surely she could not have copied her bright spirits and captivating vivacity from Lotta; and in those elements lie her main charm. The *Mirror* is utterly wrong in regard to the financial prosperity of the two ladies. Lotta has lost over a thousand pounds by her management of the Opera Comique, and Miss Palmer's clear profits have been quite small since she came to this country.

Mr. Paul is such a clever man that I must confess a feeling of surprise that he should have misread his *Mirror*. It has never denied the prosperity of Miss Palmer among the Londoners—it has, on the contrary, admitted her financial success. That success does not prove the actress to be possessed of genuine ability, nor does it disprove the assertion that she slavishly copied Lotta. Now, while personally I esteem Miss Palmer, who is an industrious and good little woman, in the capacity of a public performer she inspires contempt—the sort that one always feels for a person who steals thunder and then discharges it clumsily. Miss Palmer's personal virtues I admire; her professional exhibitions I abhor. While acknowledging her popularity among a certain class of English playgoers and newspaper scribblers, I must say that it shows there are more fools clustered in London town than one would believe possible.

How much this incomprehensible favor is due to mimicry of Lotta and how much to the vulgar, vociferous, side-show manner in which she has been handled, cannot be told. Certain it is that Miss Palmer—who was first an indifferent variety performer, then an insipid subordinate stock-actress, and finally an unprofitable star in this country—has been accorded an importance on the other side utterly disproportionate to her position. Even Barnum's white elephant attracted less notice in England than this theatrical white mouse, over the delivery of which a blatant managerial mountain has been painfully laboring for several years. And, by the way, the dodge of this vulgar creature to associate Mary Anderson's name with Miss Palmer's in a manner to indicate jealousy of the latter on the part of the former, is about as ridiculous as anything yet attempted in this line. Miss Anderson is as distantly removed from the other in the artistic world as Edwin Booth is from Jumbo Joslyn Davis. Davis, if I may make a suggestion, would make a capital leading man for the Palmer aggregation. His diamonds would go nicely with Miss Palmer's embroidered stockings, and her winks and kicks would appropriately accentuate the humors of his St. Vitus' dance. Truly, this is a combination that might astound the amusement world.

McCullough is back from his jaunt looking somewhat improved in health. The report that he will not star next season is utterly false. The tragedian will begin his work rather earlier than usual and play a longer tour. It cannot be denied that, owing to physical disabilities, McCullough lost ground rapidly last Fall and Winter; but this will be regained in short order, now that he is himself again.

The other tragedians are distributed in various quarters. Booth is at his Newport cottage. Barrett is on his way home from foreign disappointments. He arrives this week and goes to Denver. Fred. Ward is making hay out in 'Frisco. Tom Keene is enjoying a needed rest. Mather is in Chicago.

No one will question Harry Miner's energy or charitableness in administering, as President, the affairs of the Actors' Fund; but I would give him a friendly caution now in regard to two or three of his recent moves, lest his zeal may blind his reason and carry him beyond his depth. At the Trustees' meeting on Thursday Mr. Miner and the rest of the Board wrangled over the sending out of an appeal to the profession. Miner proposed to do it independently, and the Trustees objected on the ground that no address should be issued without their consent and co-operation. Then

the President got on a high horse, and proclaimed that he would circulate the appeal willy-nilly, and he probably means to carry out the threat shortly. In objecting to independent action on Miner's part the Trustees were undoubtedly right, not alone because they might cherish doubts as to the President's grammatical accomplishments, but for the reason that they are solely empowered to authorize the drafting and sending out of such a circular. If Miner wants to thrust himself forward merely for personal motives, he should at least avoid exceeding his powers. Again, the President proposed a baseball match for the benefit of the Fund. He forgets that it is the Actors' Fund. The common devices of mechanics and "toughs" are not proper to swell the treasury of this institution, which is connected with an art calling.

An almost equally objectionable suggestion from Miner is the proposition to hold a fair in the Fall at Madison Square Garden, the booths to be in charge of actresses. Such a scheme would have a degrading tendency. The respectable women of the profession should not, and probably would not, put themselves on exhibition in this manner and lay themselves open to the insults that would certainly be heaped upon them by loafers who would embrace the unusual opportunity of coming into familiar contact with actresses. The fair scheme is utterly unfeasible, and I don't believe a decent woman would participate in it. Mr. Miner is zealous, but he is adopting altogether too high a hand, and unless he exercises greater discretion there will be general regret that the presidency of the fund has fallen into the hands of a manager whose ideas are tinged with the hurrah style of the variety business.

There was a rumor afloat on Tuesday that Lillian Spencer was lying dangerously ill at Pittsburg. The story seemed probable in view of the publication of an interview with her recreant spouse in Sunday's *World*. A telegram of inquiry to THE MIRROR's Pittsburg representative brought the following reply yesterday afternoon: "Lillian Spencer is in excellent health. Her friends here are complimenting her upon her bright looks. She is in better physical condition than she has been for several years. I have investigated the matter personally."

The chances of the Weston-Elstner-Lee party clearing handsome profits on their forthcoming Western tour are decidedly good. Harry Lee tells me that the active participation of the partners in the stage work reduces the salary list to the surprisingly small sum of \$165 per week. The total expenses, including printing, transportation and the personal needs of the stellar trio, amount to only \$300. Few Summer tours of meritorious organizations are conducted on such an economical basis as this is to be.

Harry Sargent's eye beams with its old expression of self-satisfaction and good humor, and his conversation partakes of the honied eloquence of yore. Everybody seems disposed to give the discoverer of Modjeska a leg-up and I expect to see him shortly monopolizing the dramatic columns of the newspapers and taxing his powers for the invention of fresh yarns to boom his new show. "Janisch" is the word now inscribed on Sargent's banner. It's an odd name, and it belongs to a clever actress—two reasons for congratulating the *debonnaire* H. J. on the possession of that three years' contract which he carries around in his vest-pocket.

The burlesque mania is finding new victims every week. Four or five prominent managers have arranged within the past few days to present attractions of this sort, and there are more to be heard from. It is no longer a matter of doubt which way the theatrical cat is going to jump; but it is a question where she'll land.

The *Telegram* insinuates that a new play of Bartley Campbell will be tried by Shook and Collier during the Chicago engagement of the Union Square company, with a view to putting it on here later for a run. I have it from honest Bartley himself that this is untrue. He is not banking for managers to produce his pieces. He is going to be his own manager in future. Campbell's latest works, *The Lascar's Love* and *A Social Study*, are likely to see the footlights next season. The former is a drama of the intense order, with one great situation that will make a sensation; the latter dissects a phase of social morality and knives current shams without mercy.

Last Thursday morning THE MIRROR contained an interview with Rudolph Aronson, setting forth the principal features of his managerial connection with the Casino, and giving certain facts in relation to the financial condition of the concern. On Tuesday this article was reprinted in another dramatic paper published in New York. Each sentence had been altered from the first to the third person, but the phraseology remained the same throughout. The source from which the article was taken did not appear. The small-fry dramatic papers are always several days behind THE MIRROR in the publication of news, but from this last dodge I am led to believe that they intend hereafter to save the trouble

of rewriting the matter they pilfer from these columns by copying it verbatim.

A capital portrait of Fred Leslie appears in the current number of Clement Scott's *Theatre*. The accompanying sketch of this favorite comedian's life is written by himself. The most notable facts set forth are that his natal day is April 1, and that he is twenty-nine years of age. With becoming modesty Leslie touches very lightly upon his professional achievements; but then, they need no halting, since they speak eloquently for themselves. Leslie is still playing General Orlowski at the Alhambra and duplicating the success he made in that part at the Casino.

George Edgar Montgomery, since his retirement from the dramatic editorship of the *Daily Times*, has formed other newspaper connections which are likely to prove more agreeable and profitable. He furnishes letters to several large out-of-town papers, and contributes regularly to a number of publications in this city. His successor on the *Times* has had no opportunity to distinguish himself, as he took hold when the season was in its last gasp; but he has managed, nevertheless, in the preparation of a few notices and paragraphs, to show his inferiority to Montgomery. The proprietor of the sheet made a great mistake in letting that gentleman go, or rather in forcing him out. But they have made many mistakes lately, and this particular one therefore was not productive of much surprise.

Rice is perpetually getting into hot water. The last disturbance in his vicinity is the breaking up of the Pop company. As the existence of this party has been somewhat precarious of late, its collapse may not, after all, be much of a misfortune to the manager. Rice deserves the distinction of chief of the snap incubators. He starts company after company with a loud hurrah, and they invariably slip out of his hands when they happen to catch on, or when they don't they score brilliant failures. He never seems to have any capital, but projects his enterprises with a sublime disregard for consequences or obligations of any sort. I don't know another manager in the business who could keep on repeating this sort of thing ad lib.

A Mild Claimant.

Frank Howson (brother of John), musical director at the Madison Square, has a slight claim upon May Blossom; but he does not seek to air a grievance. He claims that the Lullaby sung in that play is not Taylor-made—that the words and music are a product of the Howson genius.

"This is not much to claim," says Mr. Howson; "but if challenged to proof, I will produce my notes, score and manuscript. Why, I am receiving a royalty from the sale of the Lullaby. Before the sale ceases it will have netted me a tidy sum. It was written at Mr. Delascio's request."

Sargent's New Star.

On Saturday afternoon Harry Sargent telegraphed THE MIRROR from Chicago that he had just signed a three years' contract with Madame Janisch, who was supporting Handmann in that city. Early on Monday morning Mr. Sargent personally appeared to furnish further particulars.

There was in the visitor's manner something of the jaunty and semi-confidential style that were noticeable in the days when he was working Modjeska into prominence. He wore a natty Summer suit, and a necktie of fashionable pattern. In short, THE MIRROR representative who received him was impressed with the idea that the first popular manager was again "all there." The conversation, of course, turned at once to Janisch, Sargent imbued with the necessity of beginning the manufacture of a boomlet, talking in the most preserved fashion of his new attraction.

"The way in which I came to get her," said he, "was almost identical with the discovery of Modjeska. Several others were negotiating, but I managed to capture the prize. Janisch came here *incoognito*. Amberg heard she was in New York, and knowing of her foreign reputation, approached her with an offer to appear at the Thalia, which she accepted. Then she consented to play in Chicago with Handmann. It was a bad arrangement for him, as she carried off all the honors."

"What pieces does the lady propose to play next season?"

"I mean to make the star and not the play the thing, and for that reason no new piece will be done. Probably *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It* and kindred selections from the standard drama will comprise the repertoire."

"Does the lady speak English sufficiently well to be plainly understood?"

"Her accent is about as pronounced as Modjeska's was at the start. It is musical and not perplexing. But I think she will improve rapidly in this respect, for she means to devote every possible moment of her time between now and the beginning of her tour to the study of the language. She will go to England with Christine Nilsson shortly and locate there for a few months, to take lessons from old John Ryder. Nilsson is an intimate friend of Madame Janisch, and she takes a lively interest in the new venture. Before returning from abroad they will go to Paris together to pick out dresses for the various parts."

"Have you filled time yet?"

"Well, I've scarcely started in; but the engagement I have met with so far from the few managers I have seen convinces me that there will be no difficulty in procuring desirable dates."

Mr. Sully's Grocery.

The Corner Grocery at Tony Pastor's will remain open two or three weeks longer, at least. So James H. Lewis informs THE MIRROR. Mr. Lewis is dividing his time between Mr. Pastor's and Mr. Sully's interests.

"Our business during this cool spell," said Mr. Lewis, "has been very large. On two or three occasions we have really turned people away. These cool nights have been greatly in our favor. The Grocery has succeeded beyond expectation. If the next two weeks are as profitable as the first two, the Grocery and the Bad Boy will fight it out in Fourteenth street for most of the Summer. Mr. Sully has made me a liberal offer to undertake his management next season; but I have not yet decided to leave Tony Pastor."

A Trip to Africa Interrupted.

The Newendorff Opera company—one time Boston Bijou—which has been singing a Hob success. Trip to Africa, has collapsed in Chicago. The Trip was interrupted by deputy sheriffs. The company had played a moderately successful two weeks' engagement in Philadelphia, opening May 19. Mrs. Janischowsky, wife of Ad. Newendorff, was the prima donna. The company opened at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on June 2, for four weeks. The first week was promising, but the second dropped to nothing.

On the night of Thursday, 12th, deputies began to levy on the properties, etc., to satisfy the claims of Harry Woods and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. B. Knox, who had entered suit for back salary. Manager Hamlin satisfied the claims, and the curtain rose at 8:45 P. M. On Saturday night the company disbanded. It is understood that the backers had refused to make further advances. Nothing unusual with backers.

Miss Logan's Grievance.

Celia Logan is posing as the victim of misplaced confidence. She says she has been heartily duped by one of her own sex. The aggrieved lady unburdened herself as follows:

"I conceived the idea of writing a comic opera libretto, taking for a subject the Vassar girls and the West Point cadets, and called it *Vassar Girls*. Having spent some time upon it, a lady whom I thought to be a friend offered to compose the music. I cordially placed my work in her hands. A hitch occurred when she asked to be allowed to play the leading part. To this I would not consent. She then boldly claimed the work as her own, and has had the audacity to offer it for sale. I suspect that my unprincipled friend has copyrighted the title under a false name; but I can submit sufficient evidence of my authorship—enough to secure me in my rights."

Mr. Burgunder's Circuit.

M. H. Burgunder, the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) manager, was in the city yesterday, but returned home in the evening. "The chief object of my visit," said he, "is to effect an arrangement for the formation of a circuit to be known as the Wilkesbarre. This will consist in the pooling of my home city and five adjacent towns. I can thus obtain the best attractions by guaranteeing an uninterrupted week."

"I advocate THE MIRROR reform in one-night stands—adopted it at the outset. My audiences are composed principally of the mining classes. I have on exhibition a curiosity which is drawing over \$125 a day at the Mountain Park, an amusement resort near Wilkesbarre. It is a miniature coal-mine—an exact model of the Avondale coal-mine and breaker, constructed by D. E. Blanchard. The entire system of working a coal-mine is shown, with mules, drivers, boys, engines, cars and miners. In fact, it is a complete reproduction of a mine in working order. It is run by steam. I intend bringing it to New York, and will first exhibit it at the Iron Pier at Coney Island."

Mr. Mitchell's Observations.

Among the arrivals by the *Oregon* on Sunday was Mason Mitchell, who accompanied Mary Anderson to London. Mr. Mitchell was under a thirty weeks' contract to Miss Anderson, but the engagement was broken off soon after his arrival on the other side. He did not make a single appearance in the American star's support. In a short interview with Mr. Mitchell, he said:

"After leaving Miss Anderson's company I had several engagements. I supported Miss Vane, an American actress, who is starring over there. My last engagement was at Drury Lane, where I took Augustus Harris' place as leading man. Did I like London? Very much. But the profession is overcrowded. Salaries are very low—very low. Provincials will play for almost nothing to get a foothold in London. And some of them have talent, too."

"London is a nice place to live in when one becomes acquainted. American professionals are not received by English audiences with open arms, but they are well treated. The upper classes are conservative in approval, while, when occasion offers, the lower orders are demonstrative in disapproval."

Professional Dangers.



Above is a portrait of Adelaide Prager, who made a hit in *Madame Figeat* at Wallack's; but who left the company because the manager wanted to place her salary at a summer figure. The matter is likely to end in the courts. Miss Prager has a fine soprano voice, which has been well trained in the best European schools. During a season in the English provinces she created a furore by her dancing and singing of *Serpentine* in the *Chanson*. Miss Prager is an accomplished performer on the zither.

—Rose Brandt has left the McCull Open company.

—John T. Raymond closes in Milwaukee June 25.

—Sedley Brown is at liberty for the coming season.

—The People's Theatre closes for the season on Saturday night.

—Gustave Frohman is expected back from England this week.

—The Palace of New York opens for next season on August 25.

—Anna Dayton, of the Bijou company, is seriously ill at her home.

—Emily Keene has re-engaged with the Hamilton for next season.

—Jennie Glanville and Mattie Ferguson have left the Bijou company.

—It is announced that Penny Ante will be withdrawn on Saturday night.

—It is said the Hamilton's new place for next season will first see the light in Boston.

—McCarthy and Monrose open at the Bijou Opera House in their new play on July 25.

—It has not yet been decided to send *The Strangers of Paris* on the road next season.

—Maestro Grau left for Europe last week. Brother Sam represents him in his absence.

—R. B. Marnell will appear in *Colfax* at the Grand Opera House in New York in the Fall.

—Jennie Wallace will star next season in Brougham's dramatization of "Little Dutch."

—Jannett's company are rehearsing the new play *Life at the Fourteenth Street Theatre*.

—Daniel Frohman writes that the Social comedy, *The Private Secretary*, is a big hit in London.

—The Orpheum and Eurydice company opened in Winnipeg on Monday night to a crowded house.

—One of the operas Manager McCull secured in Europe will be put in rehearsal at the Casino immediately.

—E. E. Rice is rehearsing his burlesque company at the New Park Theatre. Harry E. Diney is in the company.

—Edward Hela, talent-master of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, has been engaged by W. A. Manager for next season.

—John A. Stevens has filled all his dates on the road for next season. He will open in September and remain out until April.

—Wood's Open House, Frankfurt, Ky., will be open all summer to good attractions. It is the centre of a four-week throng.

—Tony Pastor's company has done a big business at the Standard Theatre, Chicago, the first attraction to achieve such a result.

—Edward Sothorn is arranging his dates and selecting a company for *Whose are They?* which goes on the road only in the season.

—A recent letter from London states that *The Beggar Student* at the Alhambra proved a failure. Nell Gwynne has been withdrawn.

—Carrie Godfrey, the Fairy Queen of Penny Ante, hurt herself on Wednesday evening while bounding through a trap-door in the first act.

—The Wages of Sin opens at the Globe Theatre, Boston on August 25. J. H. Hibel, Sara Van Leer and Owen Westford have been engaged.

—Townsend Percy has purchased two large musical libraries consisting of the complete scores and librettos of 175 French and 150 German operas.

—Many of Amburg's Thalia company, encouraged by the success of their brethren, are applying for engagements in English during the coming season.

—Charles Barton, manager of Guter's D. A. M., left for the West on Sunday to arrange for the production of Mr. Guter's plays in leading cities.

—Billy Emerson, the minstrel, arrived from England on Sunday, having left Haverly's Minstrels. Frank McNish made the biggest hit in the company.

—Many of the treasurers and executive staff of the city theatres here have this season secured engagements at the watering-places and Summer resorts.

He Understood the Case

Complaints against railway officials and employees are frequently made by professionals, but it is seldom that the annoyances to which the former are subject are made public. In the following little story which is going the rounds of the railroad journals and magazines:

"I wish to see the general passenger agent of the road," said a fair, fat and flushy-looking female, looking like a whale, as she dragged herself and possessor into the office of the general passenger agent of a road running out from Chicago.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" said the general passenger agent, and he bowed politely.

"I want to know why I am not permitted to ride on this ticket?" returned the lady, in an exultant tone of voice, as she produced her railroad ticket.

"You are?" was the good-natured reply, as the agent looked at the ticket; "it's all right."

"But it ain't all right; didn't I try to take a train just now, and didn't an impudent, good-for-nothing man stop me at the gate and say my ticket was no good? Well, that's what he did," and she wiped the perspiration from her face.

"Oh! that was the last special," said the good-natured passenger agent, "and theatrical tickets are no good on that particular train. We advertise to that effect, you know."

"Fast specials are too good for the profession, are they? Cattle-trains will answer for us, I suppose? It won't be a great while before you insist on our riding in the baggage-car. It's a perfect outrage the way railroads treat us; just think of the indignities we are subjected to when we travel? It's only a short time ago the conductor of one of those miserable sleeping-cars insisted upon my lady's going in the baggage-car. The brute said I couldn't have him in the sleeper." And as she spoke she lifted the little car from the floor and placed it on the table, and said: "O, didn't you, didn't you, lady? No!" she rattled, "rather than be parted from my darling, I went in another car and sat up with him all night."

"Such treatment as that is shameful, and would not be tolerated on our road for a moment. What a beautiful little dog you have? I never saw one quite so interesting; if there is anything I admire, it's a dog," rejoined the jolly passenger agent.

"Take a chair, ma'am," he continued, "while I read for you benefit a set of resolutions I have prepared and propose to offer at the next General Passenger Agents' meeting, which is expected to take place in a few days. Possibly, as the subject I am going to treat upon is one in which you are interested, you may be able to suggest something," saying which, he began: "In view of the large revenue we derive from the theatrical profession, and the volume of its business, be it resolved, that from and after the 1st of July, 1884, we have special accommodation tickets, at half-rate, to all members of travelling theatrical companies, entitling them to certain privileges to be hereinafter named, to wit: To ride upon every and all trains running over our lines at any and all times; to use special cars, including drawing-rooms, sleeping, and dining cars, without extra compensation; to bring into any car they may elect household pets—such as dogs, parrots, cats, trained ponies and lady elephants; to carry as baggage, without extra pay, as many pieces as each member considers necessary; to give advance agents free passes; in short," continued the bland passenger agent, as he beamed over his manuscript, "so far as I am able, I propose to do all in my power to make it pleasant and home-like on the road for the profession. Have I omitted anything that could add to your comfort? If so, speak right up."

"Well," returned the lady, as her jeweled hand toyed with the tangled mass of hair covering the piece of sausage-meat in her lap, "you might suggest having the water-tanks filled with champagne and ice instead of filled with water, and you might advance us our salaries and get us all our engagements. And you might—well, it's no matter."

"Oh! don't be afraid," chirped the passenger agent; "speak out."

"I was going to say," she continued, "you might provide the ladies with general passenger agents for husbands"—and a broad smile suffused itself over her full moon face. "You certainly understand our wants, and I only wish you could carry out your philanthropic scheme."

"Oh, I'll carry out my part of the scheme; I'll offer the resolutions, and add your suggestions in with them. No doubt something will come of it, if it's only providing the husbands. I've married myself, but there is no end to the single men in our line of business." And the jolly general passenger agent, as he finished speaking, gently patted "lady" on the head and requested his private secretary to give the lady a free pass over the line for her pet.

The Don.

Harry Lee, who forfeited Le Chevalier de la Moliere through inability to pay the purchase notes given to A. M. Palmer, has found consolation in another direction. Just previous to Maurice Barrymore's sailing for England on Wednesday of last week Mr. Lee succeeded in securing a new drama from him called *The Don*. Many managers, including Stevenson and Curtis and Shook and Collier, had been negotiating vigorously for this piece; but Lee made a better proposition than the others, and he therefore captured the prize. Barrymore is looked upon by people who ought to know something about the subject as one of the most promising dramatists of the present generation. Even the cynical Casanova da Silva has but to the young man and admits that he is likely to achieve great fame. The play is a comedy and a tragedy in one, and is a masterpiece of the color of truth to these flowery productions. Mr. Lee is ecstatic in his praises of *The Don*. He exhibited to a great extent some of the play yesterday.

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be supposed, to a Varsity Professor; it is derived from the custom among a certain set of low-lived Londoners of calling a man who is superior in intelligence and something of a swell, yet who consorts with them, a "Don." I shall produce the piece with a fine cast in San Francisco next October. You know that Frank Weston, Elie Elizer and myself make a professional trip to the Pacific slope, beginning the last of July. On our way we shall play *La Belle Ramee*, saving *The Don* as the feature of the *Finer* engagement. Probably we'll hang together and continue to appear in it during the whole of the season, but that we have not fully decided. Harry Sargent, who has an interest in all of Barrymore's works, will go along with us to team *The Don*. Sargent has been under a cloud of misfortune for a few years back, but he is getting on his legs again and will soon be deeply concerned in a number of important theatrical ventures."

Calls.

To deprive acting of its illusion is to strip from it all reasonable claims to be regarded as an art. If we are not carried away by the emotions of the scenes, if we are no more diverted by them than we might be diverted by a juggler with his cups, balls, knives, plates and basins, or by a company of performing ponies, or by one of those peculiarly dull and senseless affairs—of which we have now had for a time nearly the last—called "burlesques," what is there to distinguish the actor from the mountebank, or to delude the mountebank from an equal share of artistic honors with the actor? Let us, in kindness, as well as in caution, remember how slight and slippery a hold even the best acting has upon the dignity implied in that little word Art. Except in the fraternity itself, or among writers who take liberties with language, I can not remember that the word was ever applied with any weight of authority to the magic skill of a Talma, a Bensley, a Siddons, a Mars, a Kemble, a Kean or an O'Neill. Art is creative; and though we sometimes hear that a part has been "created" by the performer, I must confess a strong impression that this is one of the liberties of language just referred to. To vivify and bring into prominence a poor and dull "creation" is the work of a skilful actor; and in this he merits praise, where the author, who really created the part, or stole and spoilt it, but at least supplied its outline for the actor to fill in, merely deserves contempt. The "art of acting" is a phrase of late growth. Before its time much had been written concerning "Shakespeare's art;" little that I have seen concerning Garrick's. Nor do I doubt that "Davy" himself would have raised those wonderful brows wonderingly to hear Reynolds, or Thornton, or Johnson, or Goldsmith call him an "artist."

But admitting, as I am willingly disposed to admit, the warrantable application of the word Art to the best and highest class of acting, let me yet venture to point out the extremely nice perils of the tenure. If we, the beholders, are ready with our poor imagination to piece-out and amend the imperfections of the show, we have a right to insist that those imperfections be of the unavoidable kind only; that they be not impertinent or obtrusive; that they offer no open affront to our understanding. If the illusion of the stage and the action be not maintained with the utmost good faith, it is there that art fails, and that the actor loses every scintilla of property in that bright word "artist." Now, by a foolish custom which has grown up between him and the audience—between vanity on one side the footlights and stupidity on the other—he does forfeit his title every night. I will not dwell on the degraded custom, among "comic" actors, of offering deliberate insults to illusion by punning on the names of the company, by chaffing the work of the scene-painter, and by other mountebank tricks having reference, not to any "necessary" question of the play, but to the mechanical business of its representation—to technical details which should be most carefully kept out of sight, not dragged into the glare of a coarse, false ridicule. This is an "art," manifestly fished, at second or third hand, from the humor of the music-halls. It is so low, so dreary and idiotic that the "artists" must surely be paid enormous salaries for undertaking it. Enough of it here and now. But the illusion for which I contend, as the only conceivable ground on which to rest a plea or an apology for the artistic consideration of acting, is commonly sacrificed by actors who would not stoop to such pitiable shifts for raising a laugh as gagging about scenery and the details of stage management. As Menenius Agrippa says, "I shall tell you a pretty tale." It will be to breach of confidence, and I will name no names; though even if I did there would be little if any harm, seeing that the story is very creditable to those involved in it, and shows them to be actors concerned in preserving that dramatic illusion in which, I repeat, the histrionic art solely and simply consists. Well, then, to my illustration. There is a certain piece, a medley of song, dance and eccentric comedy, with a strong infusion of melodrama, such as we get now and again from the Land of the West—a kind of a ballet-bouffon, with a *Poté St. Martin* plot, chopped and mixed in. One of the scenes in this hybrid presentation has a song, which is capably acted as well as sung, the performer playing a game of rumps all the while with a little boy. Seldom has anything prettier of its kind been seen or heard on the stage. It may be that the words of the song are poor. It seemed to me, decidedly, that they were so. All the more credit to the singing actor for making his dramatic duty so pleasantly effective. He finishes what I may call, operatically speaking, the *aria*, by galloping off with the boy on his back. Warmly congratulating the performer on his career of popularity in this part, one of the soundest actors of our day noticed a little change which had been effected, not for the better, in the "business" of the song. Formerly, when the singer made his exit with the child on his back, there was no departure in the youngster's demeanor from the natural action of a boy revelling in a bit of spontaneous fun. But of late the *illusion*, which was the whole gist of the thing, has been destroyed. Instead of riding off naturally on his two-legged steel, the child had been told to turn round and kiss his hand toward the audience. It was this shocking violation of art that the older and more experienced player pointed out to his

friend. Taking the hint in good part, this last said, "You are quite right. It spoils the truth of the situation." And then he added, in the tone of one who regrets and confesses a blunder, "I am to blame for telling the child to do that."

Yes, it was a blunder, no doubt, and I can only hope it has been by this time rectified. Whatever tends to the retransformation of an actor, from the part he is playing, into himself, is a blunder. To unmask him is a blunder and an injury also. That he should be willingly unmasked, that he should with his own two ready hands sweep away the illusion which invests him with heroic significance, is a proof that, however loudly he may vaunt himself an artist, he cares very little for art. He cares nothing for it when he is in haste to accept that poor compliment, now meaningless, a call in front of the curtain. Of all the imbecile customs of modern playacting, this custom is the most lamentably bereft of reason. To clamor for the resurrection of

"The gentle lady married to the Moor," to call up the grim-visaged Othello whom we have just seen fall by his own death-dealing hand; to vex the ghosts of Juliet and her Romeo, by summoning them to stand howling and smirking and picking up the most monstrous bouquets—that is all this vulgar, conventional folly but to "break that fine phantasmagoria of the brain," and to "dissolve the spirit of enchantment" in the very palace of enchantment? I remember how reluctant Marcey was to obey these calls; and how Phelps, after him, would let them die out, or, if they were persisted in with peremptory increase of noise, would wrap round him a voluminous cloak, step forward a foot or so, bow, and retire. No crossing the stage then. Now it is nothing less than a parade of the whole company that will suffice; and it is the trick to bring on the small people first, and so to provide a *crecendo* of applause, culminating in the grand climacteric roar when the favorite that should first be called comes last. But the truth is, no one performer is called in these days. The honor, which to be an honor at all, should be exceptional, not a mere matter of course, was very unmistakably conferred in those times of which I speak. The recipient was always summoned by name. Well do I remember with what a "mouthful" each gallery spectator bawled the patronymic, not euphonious, of the Sadler's Well's manager. The house resounded with "Phelps! Phelps! Phelps!" There could be no mistake at that time in the feeling and intention of the audience, except when honors were divided. I can remember, too, as a boy seeing Edwin Forrest at the Princess'. It was said that a cabal had been formed to oppose him. I knew nothing about that; and as I honestly did not like his acting, I could not but think the audience generally were of my mind, without having been drilled, or bribed, or coerced into disapproval. The play was *Macbeth*; and Macbeth was acted well, though not brilliantly, by Mr. Charles Fisher. I had seen better, as indeed I had seen worse—much worse. At the end I did not feel moved to call for any one; and for the first time it occurred to me as a painful fact that a bad spirit prevailed in the house when loud cries for Fisher arose, completely drowning the weak demonstration in favor of Forrest. I had seen nothing so bad in the Thane of Glamis as to warrant snubbing, nor anything so meritorious in the Thane of Fife as to demand glorification. The events of that night recur to my mind as a natural reminiscence of times when to call an actor forward was to call him by his audible, articulate name. A mere clapping of hands, however general and enthusiastic, seems to me a different thing; nor can I understand how any man or woman, without a breach of self-respect, should come habitually to regard general applause as a tribute to be particularly appropriated. Perhaps the tedious practice, to which I have alluded, of bringing the whole company forward, not only at the end of the play, but on the close of each act, is defensible on the score of its indiscriminate praise, and its even-handed distribution of regular and therefore valueless compliments.—*Gladstone Turner in London Theatre.*

A Legacy.

Now and then a professional drifts within the righteous precincts of Ashbury Park. Board is cheap there, and the place, despite its strictly temperance and semi-Methodist character, is salubrious. The bathing regulations are severe, and they are rigidly enforced. All along the plaza or plank promenade bordering the beach are posted conspicuously a set of rules for bathers, prominent among which is the edict that "modesty of apparel is as necessary in the ocean as in the drawing-room." It seems strange that such a truly good community should be regularly visited each Summer by a maiden who is prominently identified with the gay and giddy corps de ballet. Yet this is a Gospel fact. Any morning this month it may be confirmed by watching the breakers in front of the bathing pavilion at the foot of the street that passes the Coleman House. By and-by you will see a blithesome spinster, clad in blue bloomer and elongated drawers to match, skip gaily across the strip of beach, execute a graceful pirouette and then dive into the grateful depths of the rolling sea. Her identity is alike known to the youngest and oldest playgoers. From time out of mind she has danced in the second row of the ballet, and there is not a veteran who can remember when she looked any different from what she does now. She has danced through the various decors of spectacle, fairy-play and pantomime—and at divers times she has been under the management of the Ravens, Pyne and Harrison, Jarrett and Palmer, George Fox and the Kralatys. Next season she will appear in *The Seven Ravens*. She is the undying, perpetual legacy of spectacular productions, and no entrepreneur would consider his ensemble complete without this aged fairy. At Ashbury Park she lives and bathes incognito, and none of the impressionable young men of the Methodist persuasion annoy her with their pious attentions. She paddles around unnoticed and unmolested, wishing to ascertain just why the old maiden, devotee of an art not held in the highest esteem by the camp-meeting element is permitted to enjoy the exclusively theological atmosphere of this particular resort, a reporter called upon Mr. Bradley, the pioneer settler and head man of Ashbury Park.

"Are you aware, Mr. Bradley," inquired the scribe, "that there is harbored in your

chaste community a person who, during the winter season, pursues the ungaily profession of ballet dancing?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Bradley, laying aside a copy of the *Methodist* over which he was ruminating, "I presume you refer to Miss. Blank. Yes, I'm aware of the fact."

"But is not this considered antagonistic to the morals of your place?" persisted the reporter.

"Scarcely," replied Mr. Bradley, evading the intruder sharply. "Young men, we may object to actresses, but the ladies of the ballet are welcome with open arms. Certainly it is not our province to object to the presence among us of a class that may easily be mistaken for the inmates of an Old Ladies' Home. The venerable woman you speak of, now known to the public as Mademoiselle Blank has a genuine claim upon the hospitality of Ashbury Park. Eminent theologians are of opinion that she is the original Salome who danced before King Herod, and the chain of evidence, obtained by diligent research, is nearly complete. This will be a valuable corroborative of Biblical testimony when finally established. I have questioned the lady, but although her memory seems perfectly clear, she will not speak of matters anterior to the Elizabethan Reformation. However, I expect to draw her out on Scriptural events some day. Meantime she is a welcome guest in this place." With which assurance Mr. Bradley returned to his *Methodist*, and the reporter took the first train for New York.—*New York Star.*

"Me Too."

A current announcement makes it appear that Bishop Cox has become a coadjutor with Brooklyn Talmage in the assault upon the theatres, pronouncing them, as he is reported, shameless and obscene.

Knowing Bishop Cox, we must have a doubt in regard to this sweeping allegation. He was a student at the New York University, and a finer specimen of the ruddy, healthful and buxom young American could not be found. He was frank, manly and liberal in his sentiments. His first appearance before the public was with a series of poems entitled "Christian Ballads" (still in vogue at Appleton's book house), published in the *Churchman*, the organ of the Episcopal Church, now conducted by the Messrs. Mallory, of the Madison Square Theatre.

Cleveland Cox is the son of the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, a Congregational minister, famous in his day for his eccentric vocabulary in the pulpit; as an example of which we may cite his opening of a discourse which we heard with the words, "We will now plant ourselves in the centre of the solar system and take a heliocentric view of the universe." It may be here noticed that the Bishop, in abandoning the church of his father, adopted a usage of the theatre by harmonizing his name with a final e, which brought him *ex nomine* by the side of distinguished Anglican churchmen. It illustrates character when we mention that the Rev. Hanson published a huge octavo in *Exposure of Quakerism*, in which he was reared, and dedicated the same to twenty-four clergymen (four and twenty blackbirds all in a row) of different denominations.

We dwell somewhat upon the surroundings of the Bishop of Western New York, because the Church with which he communes has always held friendly relations with the stage. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great moralist of the last century, and still of high authority, a devout churchman, was a constant attendant at the theatres, a familiar companion of Garrick, the author of a tragedy and the prompter of Goldsmith in the production of his comedies, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-Natured Man*. It was in reference to the successful production of one of these that Dr. Johnson corresponded with the venerable American Bishop White of Pennsylvania.

In the generation of theatre-goers just past the principal support in character, means and influence of the old Park Theatre were Episcopals. The chief owner of the ground and building was an Episcopalian, one of the Astors; its manager, Edmund Simpson, was of the same communion, and its audience largely represented that denomination. In every audience could be seen such lights of society and devotion as Ogden Hoffman, the Duers, Gullan Verplanck, Washington Irving and many pewholders and officers of Trinity Church.

On the occasion of a benefit to Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, when her own play, *Fashion*, was represented at the old theatre, might have been seen an audience such as it would be hard to gather in these days, representing the pretty, the fashion, the scholarship and elegance of the town in their highest aspects. Mrs. Mowatt, the beneficiary, was a daughter of Mr. Ogden, an old New York merchant.

Those were happy days of the drama, the days of true fraternity, of cultured audiences, scholarly performers and the plays of men of genius. It was out of this school and from such an origin sprang the Rev. Cleveland Cox, himself a scholar and writer of the first rank; and therefore we hold the avowment that he is hostile to the stage and the true drama impossible to be entertained.

Buying Back Separation.

Bartley Campbell returned last week from New Brunswick, where he had been on a fishing excursion with Joseph Jefferson and Thomas B. McDonough.

"Our trip was a delightful one," said Mr. Campbell to a *Mirror* representative. Most of the time we encamped on an island, regularly roughing it. A couple of weeks ago we were snowed upon all night, but we were equipped with heavy clothes and an abundance of those warming liquefactions necessary to fight off cold. The fishing was immense—you know—every day we made a big haul—see! Landlocked salmon, bass and trout, and all that sort of thing, you know."

It was reported before Mr. Campbell's jaunt began that he was going abroad for the Summer; indeed, some of the papers went so far as to describe his departure aboard the *Oregon*. He did think of making a European trip, but this plan has been abandoned. He intends to remain in town a week and then go to Greenwood Lake for some more fishing.

It is seldom that an author, after having sold one of his plays, buys it back again; but this is what has happened to *Separation*, which Shook and Collier bought from Campbell and produced last Spring at the Union Square Theatre. Some dissatisfaction arose and Campbell paid a good price to get the piece back into his own hands. He will send it on the next season for a tour of forty weeks. A strong company has been engaged. Nelson Wheatcroft will play *Benjamin Blair*, Elie Wilton Dora and John Dillon *Almer Day*. The original Union Square scenery, music, etc., will be used. As *Separation* during its New York run averaged a business of \$2,500 a week, Mr. Campbell believes there is much money to be made with it on the road. His idea is that an author should maintain a proprietary interest in his own works.

Amateur Notes.

The Amateur Lyceum Theatre promises every convenience. A number of rehearsal rooms should be provided, fitted with a stage. Much difficulty has been experienced at the Lexington Avenue Opera House and at the University Club Theatre in securing a stage rehearsal in the evening. Most of those who participate in the play are engaged with their business duties during the day, and at night the theatre has not been available.

An admirable combination of instructors at the Lyceum would be Dion Boucicault and F. F. Mackay, the former as stage manager, director of department, pantomime, etc., and the latter as tutor in the art of articulation, facial expression, etc. A teacher should also be supplied for the art of making up.

Nellie Vale Nelson appeared in *The Serious Family* at Jamaica, L. I., last week. The Gilbert has under consideration a presentation of *Romola* next season.

Manager McConnell, of the Brooklyn Theatre, will appear with the Gilbert Society in the fall.

Lizzie Jeremy, a former Pittsburg amateur, is making rapid progress in her profession. She assumed the part: the season of *The Squire and Floss*, in 7-20-8, with Daly's travelling company.

Miss Hamilton, a son of Judge Lester and others will play at Saratoga Springs during July and August for charitable purposes. Last year they attempted Bessy Baker and other comedies with fair success.

Louise C. Shepard, one of the social favorites of Saratoga, made her debut recently at Schenectady, N. Y., in an amateur entertainment. It was under the auspices of Mrs. Eliphalet Potter.

Helen Russell's former amateur associates propose to tender her a benefit at Wallack's Theatre. If given, several farces will be produced.

Hattie F. Neffen, the talented sister of Mary Cary, possesses as much knowledge of the stage as many professional actresses.

B. R. Throckmorton will continue a member of the Amateur League next season. He is one of the brightest artists in the Association.

The Minerva people are making active preparation for the Fall campaign. They will struggle for the leading position in New York amateur theatricals.

Some of the Brooklyn entertainments will in the future occur at the New York Lyceum, now in course of construction.

Alice Woodhull Clark announces her intention to make her re-entrance on the amateur boards. She has been in ill-health. At one time she was credited with being the most clever amateur on the local stage. Her performance of *Frou-Frou* with the Laurel Club is still remembered.

Edward Lamb, the comedian, was an amateur. His ambition pointed to tragedy. He essayed such roles as the hero in *Rent Day*.

Doing Far the Best, is the name of a very pathetic and interesting domestic drama. It is published by French and Son, and is admirably adapted for personation by amateurs.

T. J. Rayner, of the Brooklyn Amateurs, is one of the most able impersonators of elderly characters on the amateur stage.

In a Bad Way.

The Actors' Fund is surely in a bad way. The New York *Mirror*, which virtually founded it after a long and almost unaided effort, seems clearly understood that it has washed its hands of the whole thing since the people who now control the Fund have taken it out of the hands of the actors of the country. And Louis Aldrich, who has given up month after month to the perfection of a plan which he looks upon as the future of his difficulties, has met such apathy on the one hand and opposition on the other, that though his plan is a good one, he will not explain the details to the Trustees. "The Fund can go to the devil for all I care," he cries indignantly.

The Actors' Fund Trustees, at their meeting on Thursday, engaged in a struggle as to who should assume the burden of the Fund. President Miner and his associates thought it should be done by the Trustees, but they were determined to publish the pamphlet himself. If the Trustees didn't like it, they could get up another one. It strikes us that the object of the Fund is the caring for the sick and the burying of the dead. The time has surely come when it should be used for purposes of self-aggrandizement and personal advertisement. The project of giving a mammoth fair at Madison Square Garden next Fall, with booths and stalls in charge of favorite actresses, as proposed by the new President, does not find favor among the professors. "Even for the object of charity," said a well-known actor yesterday, "such an arrangement would be inadvisable, and I do not think respectable women would participate in it. The fair would draw a set of unscrupulous loafers, who would glut over such an opportunity of making free with ladies who, even with the dividing line of the footlights, are subjected to enough annoyance and persecution at their hands as it is." The veteran manager, John F. Smock, chimed in with this view of the matter. "A fair would certainly result in the degradation of the ladies of the profession, and it ought to be opposed with energy. If the Fund cannot be replenished by some other means it had better be abandoned entirely."

The action of the Trustees of the Actors' Fund in adopting Louis Aldrich's resolution that all actors and actresses should stipulate in their contracts to pay five per cent. of their third, fourth and fifth weeks' salary to the Fund does not appear to have been received with marked enthusiasm. During the past two days I have encountered at least fifty actors and actresses each one of whom was going to sign such a contract. In every instance the answer has been negative. The actors, feeling upon this matter as very well expressed yesterday by a prominent actor, who said:

"It is all nonsense to try to force the profession to support an institution like the Actors' Fund. It was in every body's mind, but this high-handed move is more than anything else to kill it. The fact of the matter is, that the vast majority of the people in the profession care nothing at all about the Actors' Fund. Respectable and industrious actors and actresses have no need for it, and they have grown tired of supporting something to be used as an advertisement for a few weeks of the relief of a few tramps, who would not work if they had the opportunity."

I think that this estimate of the assets which the modesty of the Fund have been put in somewhat severe and unjust, but its prevalence surprised me. There can be little question, however, that Mr. Aldrich's plan for refilling the coffers of the Fund will prove a dire failure.

Manager Colville's Good Spirits.

On entering Samuel Colville's office yesterday, a Minnion reporter found the reticent manager in high spirits. "It is among my friends," said Mr. Colville, "to hear managers hunting about the artists and pieces they have secured in Europe. They make their annual trips, and much mention is made of their movements. Now, I did not go to Europe this summer; still, I have secured an attraction that will be a surprise."

"And what is this piece?" asked the reporter. "I have received a letter from Alexander Henderson, in which he says that he would come to America, if I deem it advisable, and bring his company, including Florence St. John, Violet Cameron, and other London favorites. In this company are twenty of the handsomest women on the English boards. I could back that he should come by all means. He will arrive with his company about the end of August. H. B. Farnie, the librettist, will accompany him."

"But Colonel McCaul has announced that he has secured Miss St. John?"

"My answer is Mr. Henderson's letter. Here it is," said the manager, holding it aloft. "Will Lydia Thompson accompany him?"

"No. If she did come to America it would be under my management. I received a letter from her the other day. In it she says that I should have had her play, Nita's First, if she had known I wanted it."

Mr. Colville has disposed of his interest in The Pavements of Paris to John Rickaby, who will put it on the road early in the season.

On Tuesday night at the Casino, while Alfred Klein, J. H. Ryley and Bertha Ricci were on the stage, a cat and two kittens appeared. The artists were equal to the occasion. Klein fell off his chair; Miss Ricci got off the old pun on catastrophe, while Ryley convulsed the house by an allusion to Catenham, the conductor.

Brooks and Dickson's Huffy is more of a musical comedy than a burlesque. The last act is being re-written, and the company is in course of formation.

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